

**MR. ROBIN TURTON'S** climb up the ministerial ladder has been stately rather than meteoric. As the Member for Thirk and Malton he sat patiently on the back benches for twenty-two years before he received his first ministerial appointment as Parliamentary Secretary at the Ministry of National Insurance in 1951.

There has been nothing tranquil, however, about his brief career as Minister of Health. He took over the Ministry on December 20. Four days later,



ROBIN TURTON, M.P.

on Christmas Eve, he received the weighty Gulliebaud Report on the National Health Service. Four weeks later his medical council told him that an effective polio vaccine would be available in limited quantities by the spring. Three days later he announced his scheme for distributing the vaccine—which is now getting under way.

In the United States last spring, the introduction of the Salk polio vaccine provoked a political storm that blew the unfortunate Minister of Health out of office. Mr. Turton has also had to cope with some squalls but he is a quietly combative man and the few people who have tried to play politics have had, in private, the rough

edge of his tongue. And by 1957, he says, there should be enough proved vaccine to protect every child in the land.

### Out of the Ground

**LORD ALEXANDER'S** nomination of Sir Walter Monckton as his successor as President of the M.C.C. revives an old cricket partnership.

At Harrow in 1910 Sir Walter was the school wicket-keeper and Lord Alexander was an accurate medium-paced bowler. Both played a prominent part in Fowler's Match, the greatest of all the Eton v. Harrow encounters.

After "finding their Sedan at Lord's" (I quote from Wisden), Harrow had a miserable end of the season. But I note that W. T. Monckton's top score that summer was sixty-six, while the Hon. H. R. Alexander, though no great hand with the bat (average score 5.86), took seventeen wickets, during the season, for 286 runs.

Sir Walter has continued to play—he once took part in a mid-winter game staged as a protest against the spread of the football season—but his main contribution to the game since that date has been a legal one. When a cricket ball was hit out of the Cheetham cricket ground and struck a Lancashire housewife Sir Walter successfully defended the club in one of the most famous cricket cases of all time. After the case Sir Walter was presented with the ball.

### Cosmopolitan

**A** PARTICULAR interest attaches to the review by Baroness Karen Bliken which appears on Page 5 today.

Occasional pieces from her hand are rare: nor is it often that she writes about her

native Denmark. One of the she, not he, should have had last of the true cosmopolitans, it.) And it is typical of her that when she lived in Africa she a story-teller she has, in her talked English, read Greek, and unassertive way, few equals. (Ernest Hemingway, when he was awarded the Nobel Prize, was on record as saying that

the time of the Great Plague, last, her niche in the history of story-telling. "Draw straight the bow" has been her Latin motto "and tell the truth."

**A Discreet Maecenas**  
**MR. PETER WATSON**, who died so unexpectedly on Thursday, at the age of forty-eight, held a unique place in the world of modern art. As a young man, suddenly sobered by the tragedy of his time, he became the most intelligent, generous and discreet of patrons. The most creative of connoisseurs had a formidable flair for everything that was contemporary, international and alive in music and painting, completely transcending the limitations of the English scene.

In 1939 he founded the magazine "Horizon" and in 1947 he became one of the four founding directors of the Institute of Contemporary Arts. Though not a rich man, he gave away nearly all his money. And, though he made two collections of modern painting, it was by his sympathetic understanding of art and artists that this most courteous and lovable of all "private faces in public places" won his innumerable friends.

**Anglo-Freudians**  
**SIGMUND FREUD**, who was born a hundred years ago today, was fortunate in his English friends.

Until he came here as a refugee in 1938 he had little first-hand experience of this country, although in the course of a short visit many years earlier he had put himself in an exiguous minority by expressing warm admiration for the architecture of Oxford Street.

In Mr. James Strachey, a younger brother of Lytton Strachey, he had a translator whose exactitude and gentle integrity matched his own; and in Dr. Ernest Jones he found not only the most loyal of associates but a man who has revealed himself, in his late seventies, as one of the finest biographers of modern times. Freud could have no nobler monument than Dr. Jones's three-volume life, of which the concluding section is, I understand, to be published early next year.

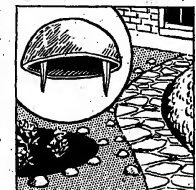
**Ailing Aladdin**  
**MR. GOOD** is not well. There are many Mr. Goods in the London telephone directory, but there is only one who is part of the very fabric of the city—Mr. Good of Cameo Corner, one of the great antique jewellers of the world. Moysheh Oyved, for that is his real name, is a poet in jewellery, and the little huggemugger shop that used to be in New Oxford Street, and is now in Museum Street, has been for fifty years the Aladdin's cave

to which the love-lorn went for a trinket and Queen Mary for her Christmas presents.

At the back of the cave, dressed in a robe of purple velvet, and perhaps with a gold chain round his neck, Mr. Good philosophised, and still today, but with less vigour, philosophises over the beauty of things.

### Memo. to W. Wordsworth

**IT** IS to Miss Monica Dickens that I owe this example of progress in the world of land-



scape gardening. Drawn from the catalogue of Messrs. Wonder Industries, of Brooklyn, it portrays the nature and uses of a "Plastic Garden Rock."

Perfect in size, strong (made of "high-impact polysyrene") light, with the "colour fused right in," and not expensive at 2s. 3d., the plastic rock brings "easy, successful landscaping with professional results" within the reach of even the most delicate of gardeners.

As a veteran Wordsworthian I always rather liked the idea of being "Rolled round in earth's diurnal course With rocks and stones and trees"; I'd like to get out of the way of those prongs, though.

### Oxford Acid

**SIR LEWIS NAMIER** has been an historian without honour: from his old University. For years Oxford has kept him at arm's length. He has been denied a professorship there because of the hostility of various cabals and little groups among the local historians—it is ironic that his monumental studies of Hanoverian parliamentary politics consistently emphasise the importance of cabalism and cliquishness.

Now Oxford is busy making amends to its distinguished son. He has been given an honorary degree, and he a special volume of essays written in his honour has been justly acclaimed in these columns.

I am glad to find, however, that the receipt of these belated tokens of esteem has not blunted the cutting edge of his pen. Recently an Oxford don of massive erudition sent Sir Lewis a copy of his latest work. "How clever you must be," Sir Lewis replied, "to understand the sort of book you write."